The Intermezzo

A MUSICAL MONTHLY

AUG., 1905

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PUBLISHED BY

THE INTERMEZZO CO.

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The Latest Hit is

Kansas City Kansas Frances

Words by WM. L. HUSSEY
Music by MAE FISHER

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Vol. I. *AUGUST, 1905.* *No. 8*

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A MUSICAL MONTHLY.

ISSUED ON THE 10th OF EACH MONTH.

JOHN STARK, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.
W. P. STARK, - - - - - - - BUSINESS MANAGER.

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A LESSON EROM LESCHETISKI.

Leschetiski was the teacher of Paderewski and other celebrities.

Lessons from the Maestro are very expensive, but we will give our readers one this month without charge. He says:

"I am assured that five-sixths of piano technic, and even of piano mechanism, is in the head rather than in the fingers. When one plays a wrong note, the reason is nearly always one of two—either one does not really know at the moment what note one meant to strike, or one does not know with what movement to strike it. Even when one knows exactly what kind of touch one wants for a certain note, one must find out by study the exact movement of the hand or finger which will produce that tone with certainty, and one must train one's brain to think of that movement at the right moment. In the time of study these movements must be done by conscious and thought-out intention, even though they are repeated afterward by sub-conscious habit. A few wrong notes, and a good many wrong touches, are produced by defective training of the nerves of the hand, so that even when one has decided exactly what movement one wants to make, one's hand is not able to execute it. A very few more wrong notes, and some wrong touches (that is, touches different from what one intended to produce), come from the hand being muscularly weak or tired. The hand must, therefore, be elaborately trained, as if each finger were a wild beast to be tamed, beginning with one-note exercises, until it is both nervous and muscular. After that, wrong notes and haphazard touches and combinations of touches will be the result of pure ignorance."

"DESPISE NOT THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS."

The quality of the true artist is best shown in his rendering of small pieces, for, in larger works—as in scenic painting—the finer details, the deeper toning, the artistic touches are either overlooked in, or overshadowed by, technical bombast, which covers a multitude of sins. There are many public performers who manage to get through a difficult composition of Liszt's who could not play decently a simple nocturne of Field's, because, paradoxical though it may seem, such pieces are too difficult for them.—Christiani.

And that is no idle fancy. We have been used to the playing and practice of those who could wade through the complex fancies of Schumann and dissect and analyze Bach. That could sweep the keyboard with both hands full of notes and with lightning rapidity, and yet we have been sadly disappointed when we have desired to hear a clean and fine rendering of some easy trifle in which we were interested. In fact, the notes were not all struck, the time was faulty and the little story was not intelligible. We would say to those with much technic, do not get impatient with primary work. Whatever you play, do it with care. If you have not the time or inclination to get out of the little piece all that there is in it, do not attempt it, as it will promote carelessness.

ADOLPHE HENSELT AS A TEACHER.

Henselt as a teacher was rather terrible. He would come in in his white suit, a red fez on his head, a fly-flapper in his hand, and, motioning his pupil to seat herself at the piano, would say in his short, brusque way, "Begin so-and-so." Then, as she began, he would first go to the window, appear to see something that he took exception to, then pace backward and forward for a minute or two, stop suddenly, and, with a tigerish glance at her, cry, *"Falsh!* Play it again! *Falsh!"* But what? Where? She had, perhaps, played a page, or nearly a page. Was it the way she played it that was wrong, or were there wrong notes? She would begin again, and *"Falsh! falsh"* would follow her. She seemed peppered with small shot, instead of that first big bullet. Then he cried, "Stop!" The flag of truce. He came across, eyes gleaming, his ivory skin paler, and with a word or two in low, hissing tones, far more terrible than angry shouts, would contemptuously push her off the stool and imitate her, then play the passage himself divinely, stopping now and then to repeat and snap out rules and hints. Then, as if slightly pacified by his victory over himself—by not having given way to his impulse of annihilating her forever—he would stride off and begin killing flies upon the wall.

The pupil would make another attempt while the fly-catching continued, until there was a stamp of the foot and "Stop!" Then Henselt became intensely polite, which was almost more trying than his savagery. In a little while he would tell the pupil to get up, and, sitting himself at the piano, would play the passage as he thought it should go. When he was not in the humor for teaching he would cry "Falsch" in various tones for the first half-hour, then kill flies silently till he marched out and banged the door. Or, worst of all, he would bring in the dogs and play with them, and let the unhappy pupil do her utmost without comment, even at the end.—Musical Standard.

We have copied the above because there is a lesson in it for teachers. A pupil may be taught more in a minute by ex-

ample than by hours of talk without an instrument and without example you could not teach a child to even sing the scale in 100 years. We once heard a piano pupil play the "Narcissus" for her teacher. She gave it the time and accent of a military march. It sounded almost sacriligeous. A rehearsal by the teacher which took but a few minutes was of more use to that pupil than hours of talk could have been. If you have trouble with a piece ask your teacher to give you a *copy* of what it should be, and it may reveal to you the idea which he has vainly tried to explain.

ANOTHER CRITIC.

Walter Damrosch, the distinguished musical conductor, composer and Wagner enthusiast, is only moderate tolerant of "popular music," so-called. "Of course," said he, "there is popular music which is popular in spite of being music, real music, I mean. I could mention the andante movement from Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, for instance, or Tschaikowsky's Pathetic Symphony, the 'Ride of the Valkyries,' or a half dozen others. You'll find, however, that the popularity which these have achieved is due in a great measure to the persistency with which I and others with me have kept them before the public. This same public, left to itself, would never have developed a liking for symphonies. By hearing them more or less frequently it gradually came to a realization of their beauty, and slowly but perceptibly indorsed them .

"That is what I call popularity by suggestion, as contrasted with spontaneous popularity. The 'Ave Maria' of Guonod represents the other popularity, the spontaneous kind, the kind to which 'Bedelia' belongs. Once in a while compositions of high musical merit spring into this instantaneous sort of popularity, but much more frequently the compositions that do are like the clowns in the circus who do the high and lofty tumbling. They need a springboard, and are up in the air for only a brief minute; the next minute they are flat in the sawdust.

"In street popularity rhythm and melody are, of course, the essentials, harmony is altogether superfluous. Then, also, there is the consulting of the popular taste of the hour, for tastes change in music as well as in everything else. I remember fifteen or twenty years ago popular fancy ran to things like the 'Battle of Prague,' 'The Maiden's Prayer,' and the 'Awakening of the Lion,' piano show pieces that represented in execution the acme of technical skill. Today the popular taste runs in an entirely opposite direction, and what twenty years ago appeared idyllic and dainty would now be judged stiff and flat.

"Contemporaneously, however, taste is the same east or west, north or south. What appeals in New York today also appeals in Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Chicago and San Francisco. Take for instance the remarkable vogue of syncopated music as exemplified in the cake-walk and rag-time songs. Not only has it swept this country from one end to the other, but has also invaded Europe, and composers over there, particularly in France, are now writing ragtime accompaniments for their songs. Personally, I am not exactly in love with ragtime; it frequently gives me violent shooting pains—which I cannot gratify for fear of the law governing homicide—but at the same time I must concede that rhythmically it has great charm. Outside of the four-four time especially affected by the American coon-song writers, very effective use of syncopated time has been made by the Scotch and Hungarian composers.

"Generally speaking, and ragtime notwithstanding, the American public has improved greatly in musical conception in the last ten years. Of course, as yet it is woefully unappreciative of good music and miles behind Germany. Out of 3,000,000 or 4,000,000 population in New York, I don't believe that there are 20,000 really interested in good music. It is encouraging to think, however, that ten years ago not half that number could be depended upon to attend symphony concerts. As for permanency of popularity that is asking a great deal.

"As new compositions are written and rendered every day, old ones must yield precedence and, temporarily at least, retire into the background. And then again the best symphony ever written will eventually wear thin. Bulow, one of the best interpreters of Beethoven, used to get very tired of Beethoven, and I can imagine him turning to Guonod for rest. What is true of Beethoven is true in greater or less degree of practically all the really great musicians. The masterpiece of this or that one among them enjoys for a while the favor of musicians, of lovers of real music, the inner circle; then these discard the work, and the amateurs and dilettanti, the outer fringe, take it up and it enjoys popularity with them for a while."

We have copied complete the above article of Walter Damrosch from a New York paper, and as it is in line and on a par with a number that appear from such musicians from time to time, we will turn the INTERMEZZO's searchlight on it and see if we can discover the underlying cause of these articles. First he says that out of New York's 4,000,000 that there are not over 20,000 who like good music. Now this is a pretty hard accusation, and for their hope we will just drop the hint that it is barely possible that some of the 4,000,000 may differ with Mr. Damrosch as to what good music really is. This is a contingency that he seems to have overlooked entirely.

Again, he says that good music has been persistently drilled into this 20,000 (*by himself*), that left to themselves, the public would never develop a taste for symphonies.

What? Walter, you don't mean it. You had just as well tell us that to burn all the school-houses and leave the children of this country to themselves that they would never develop a taste for literature.

Walter certainly has a most comprehensive grasp of the obvious. After all this wisdom and a few more startling disclosures in which he laboriously solves the *evident*, we are prepared to see him shy a brick at ragtime. He says: "I am not exactly in love with ragtime as exemplified in the coon-song and the cake-walk, but it has not only swept this country from one end to the other, but has invaded Europe, and the French song-writers are using ragtime accompaniments."

His whole article—like most eastern writers who attempt to enlighten us on the evils of ragtime—fails to touch the *fact* of the St. Louis article. None have arisen above the coon-song or the cake-walk, and seem to mistake this for the *real thing*, which we can assure them is a twentieth century creation not to be despised for its depth of treatment, and if Mr. Damrosch will take a fall out of the Cascades, the Maple Leaf or the Sunflower slow drag, he will have a profound respect for their difficulty.

If he will practice these until he can play them and will artistically rehearse them for his 20,000 cultured New Yorkers, he will know something more about the relation between ragtime and culture than this article of his reveals. This kind of ragtime is new and is blindly kicked like all new things. It has nothing to do with the cake-walk and coon-song, and there is no possible combination of circumstances that can keep the St. Louis invention called ragtime from spreading over the civilized world. Such essays as the above remind us

of the boy's treatise on the horse: "The horse is a animal with a leg on each corner," etc.

But let us analyze this remarkable paper a little further. He says that "rhythmically it has great charms." Now we fear that this admission is fatal to his purpose, as this is the only possible feature that distinguishes ragtime from any other music, light or heavy, modern or ancient, popular or classical. We very much fear that Mr. Damrosch's shooting pains were caused by something else.

Walter, Walter, you've slipped a cog. GUESS AGAIN.

LOVE COMPULSORY.

Our divorce courts sometimes develop queer ideas in regard to marriage. This is not an article on the theory of music, but the subject is usually quite interesting to people about the size of our subscribers.

One of our good and wise judges lately had a case in which he required them to kiss and make up. This started the subject in the daily papers and the correspondents' column fairly glittered with opinions of the many interested persons. The consensus of ideas seems to be that married, or marrying, people should be required to love each other. This sounded a little strange to us, for we had thought that this was the real cause of most, if not quite all, marriages. The compulsory argument, though, struck us as little less than a paradox. We had something to say lately of the organic structure of the Ego, as composed of a will and an understanding. These same qualities might be termed the love and wisdom of the man. In this division of the man, love is the *involuntary* principle. To say that a man must love this person or that would almost surely defeat the proposition. Indeed, if the man himself should say, "I will love this person," we think it would work adversely.

We cannot say just what is the cause of the love of one person for another—why it should be this person and not another. We do not know how much of it is some occult influence, and how much is based on the testimony of the intellect. It seems that some cases baffle the reason of those not concerned. We will tell you, though, what we do know. Love between married people or others, must be based on respect to be of good quality or lasting use. It makes no difference whether the cause was occult or otherwise that caused a hasty marriage, there must be mutual respect. We would say to the young lady or man—married or expecting to be—never, *never* be caught in a falsehood. Even white lies with no harmful intent are not useful, and a genuine deceptive untruth of some consequence does mischief almost inconceivable. You may live together after confidence is destroyed, but your mutual love is not of the same quality, and all the wisdom of the court cannot restore it.

The love that makes for contentment, and hence happiness, is based on respect and perfect trust.

GENIUS.

There is no special thing that we can call genius; it is simply that a man is endowed with a quicker and heavier brain than the common; that his nervous system is quick to feel. It is generally supposed that a scientific man is the anthithesis of an artist or musician, but there is no real reason for thinking so. The scientist feels the same glow in hunting down a shadowy fact as the musician feels in creating music. There is the same abnormal quickness of brain, and the same emotion. Only the aptitudes of the musician and scientists are different, and so their mental energy works in different fields. The quickness and powerful concentration of thought of a Napoleon would have made a musical genius of him if he had only possessed the requisite sensitiveness of brain to sound, the capability of mentally grasping sound (which is what we call an ear for music). The fact that the older musicians such as Beethoven and Mozart seemed to have been wrapped up entirely in their music is no proof that musical genius is a special gift; because in those days a musician had not the modern advantages of education, and genius without education is nearly helpless. The history of music shows, on the contrary, that a musical genius is a genius in other directions. Berlioz had great literary gifts, so had Schumann, so had Wagner, so, too, had Mendelssohn, judging by his letters.—R. Peggio.

Peggio is quite right in supposing that a strong mind is necessary to the development of genius, but we differ with him very decidedly in his supposition that music is not a special gift. It is true that Schumann, Wagner and others could have distinguished themselves in other pursuits, but the genius for music bore down every other bent of their minds and absorbed the strength of their intellect.

If we should admit with Peggio, that a musical genius is a genius in other directions, what shall we think of Blind Tom, who had in his idiotic brain absolute pitch and could repeat a long and difficult piece after hearing it played once. And who composed complicated piano pieces. Tom also wrote verse, one of which, we remember, started like this:

"I must confess almost of you and take ourselves to thee."

Another opened out thusly:

"I want to come up here,
I want to stay down there,
I hope to see the man
With a cinder in his eye."

After these examples we submit the case. Is musical genius a special gift?

TEMPERAMENT.

Temperament is an innate quality—subtle because it is innate—which characterizes the work or efforts of a performer, bearing only an indirect relation either to the intellectual or artistic side of his subject. Its effect is to arouse, in a certain class of listeners, precisely the same emotions which control the singer at the time. The investigation of the subject is usually confined to the potency of its effect rather than to an analysis of its subtleties. Its display by a singer is the signal for unqualified laudation on the part of some and caustic comment from others. Why a quality that appeals so powerfully to one class should provoke such antagonism in another is a question often asked. The strongest likelihood of getting at the solution of the problem lies in a study of the two classes so differently affected by it.

It is no evidence of a weak intellect when a strong man is moved to tears by the rendering of a ballad by a singer who has temperament; it argues that his emotional susceptibility is keen. His musical training has not, as yet, been sufficient to enable him so to appreciate technic as the true vehicle of thought that he must needs identify art or temperament with it to attain to the so-called highest type of musical enjoyment. One shows exceedingly poor taste who, because he has risen in the musical scale to a point where he feels he can patronize what he is pleased to term morbid sentimentality, fails to accord due respect to that quality of impressionability which moistens the eye and quickens the heart-beat of those who have not been

privileged to enter into the higher and more refined, even though it be less ecstatic, enjoyment of music.

Temperament pure and simple is not susceptible of great development. A student sensitive to his vocal shortcomings often fails to give evidence of possessing the real thing until he has perfect mastery of, and hence confidence in, his vocal instrument. The great substitute for temperament, of course, is art. We find, frequently, in combination, art and temperament, but before perfection has been attained temperament must needs have been subdued for art's sake. It is through discipline along art lines that temperament is enabled to reveal and revel in its highest possibilities.

Temperament, of course, is a gift. We knew a plug player who never took a lesson on any instrument in his life, yet he could manipulate the cabinet organ in a way to attract the attention of the great majority of people, and it was common to hear them say that they had rather hear him play than to hear the greatest celebrity. To a limited extent he was able to put into it his own taste and feelings. Happy is the musician with temperament and also a finished technic through which they are able to reveal it. Without the technic they are like a foreigner struggling to reveal his thoughts in a language with which he is not familiar. If you have temperament do not let anything stand in the way of your acquiring a fine technic.

THE JAPANESE.

In Prof. J. C. Abbot's lecture on Japan at the Academy of Science building, he had this to say of their talent for music:

The Japanese are not musicians, and although their women have soft and melodious voices, the vocal chords of professional singers are enlarged in such a manner that the effect is not pleasant to our ears. While we are speaking of this little nation that is just standing in the limelight of the world's gaze, we notice that the St. Louis dailies are very much diverted by the report of Admiral Togo that the great victory is attributable alone to "the brilliant virtues of the emperor and the spirits of their ancestors." Evidently from the comment of these papers they consider this a serious lapse in Japan's occidental civilization and enlightenment—a harking back to "the call of the wild," as it were. Oh, I don't know. Do these editors remember a certain occasion when the land of Palestine was in dire straits, and the young man with Elisha was frightened into conniption fits? The old prophet drew back the natural veil—opened the young man's supernatural, or spiritual, sight, and behold, the air was full of warriors for Israel. "More are they that are for us than those that be against us," said the young man. Now wasn't this quite a considerable case of ancestors? And wouldn't these editors hear all this from the pulpit without cracking a smile? It all depends on whether it is our religion or the religion of the heathen. In ours it is sacred history. In Japan's it is rank superstition.

In regard to the brilliant virtue of the Emperor. It is taught by all kinds of religion that God is on the side of virtue, truth and righteousness. Togo evidently believes that the Mikado has the call on the autocrat of Russia in these qualities, and most of the world will agree with him. There is a profane proverb that "God is on the side of the greatest armies and the heaviest artillery." We have better authority, however, for this old one: "The race is not always to the swift or the battle to the strong." Most people will agree there is a great power somewhere that keeps the stars from getting tangled up, and we believe that it not only handles the stars, but that it comes down to the smallest things in existence. It carefully starts the bean vine around the pole—always in the same direction, and though it works by law, it is unfailing. "The soul that sinneth shall die." So also shall the nation. The power that holds the stars in place can turn the tide of battle. Call it what you will, "the might with the right and truth shall be." Let the ancestors keep up the good work.

An awful catacylsm of virtue was that in Philadelphia, when the police rounded up the dens of vice and raked in over 500 victims—including the poor and unfortunate, the married and well-to-do, together with the stars of society and the wealthy. Perhaps such a raid with such results could be made in many cities, but the moral deformity that we will pay our respects to is the judge on the bench.

A prisoner was brought in reeking with moral filth and sin, and of course whimpering sadly that she had been "found out." The judge said to the policeman: "Do you know this lady?" The answer was, "Yes, she lives at ——— street and is the daughter of ———." "My God," says the judge, "take her home quick." But the next, and the next, and so on, were poor, unfortunate and friendless. They were fined $300 and sent to jail. The men were fined *ten dollars each.* Let no one lay the flattering unction to their soul that there is no hell. A place of judgment is a necessity where the X-rays of righteousness can lay bare the judgments of this world. Where the *lady* from ——— street will take her place in line with her kind in lower life. And this partial and unjust judge will be turned inside out to the gaze, and contempt of all who love even-handed justice. It is a sad state to contemplate, that the human race cannot find men for judges that are above the menial, fawning spirit, that would lick the feet of those who possess wealth and influence.

But again, the men were fined $10 each and the women $300. The man perhaps a fiend and the girl his victim. What kind of lop-sided justice do you call this? What kind of a bunch of law-givers made this distinction? This discrimination against the sex that has no voice in making the laws? Is this gallantry? Away with these relics of the cave-dwellers.

Something may be seen of the unparalleled popularity of the INTERMEZZO by the fact that in one town where there were only twenty pianos, nineteen of those who own them took the magazine on its being shown to them.

In one little city of 12,000 people there are 150 subscribers to the INTERMEZZO. Of the people to whom the magazine is shown there are eight out of ten who subscribe for it. We believe that there is no publication of any class that can show such results.

We want people in all parts of the country to take subscriptions. Our best canvassers make from $5 to $10 each day that they work.

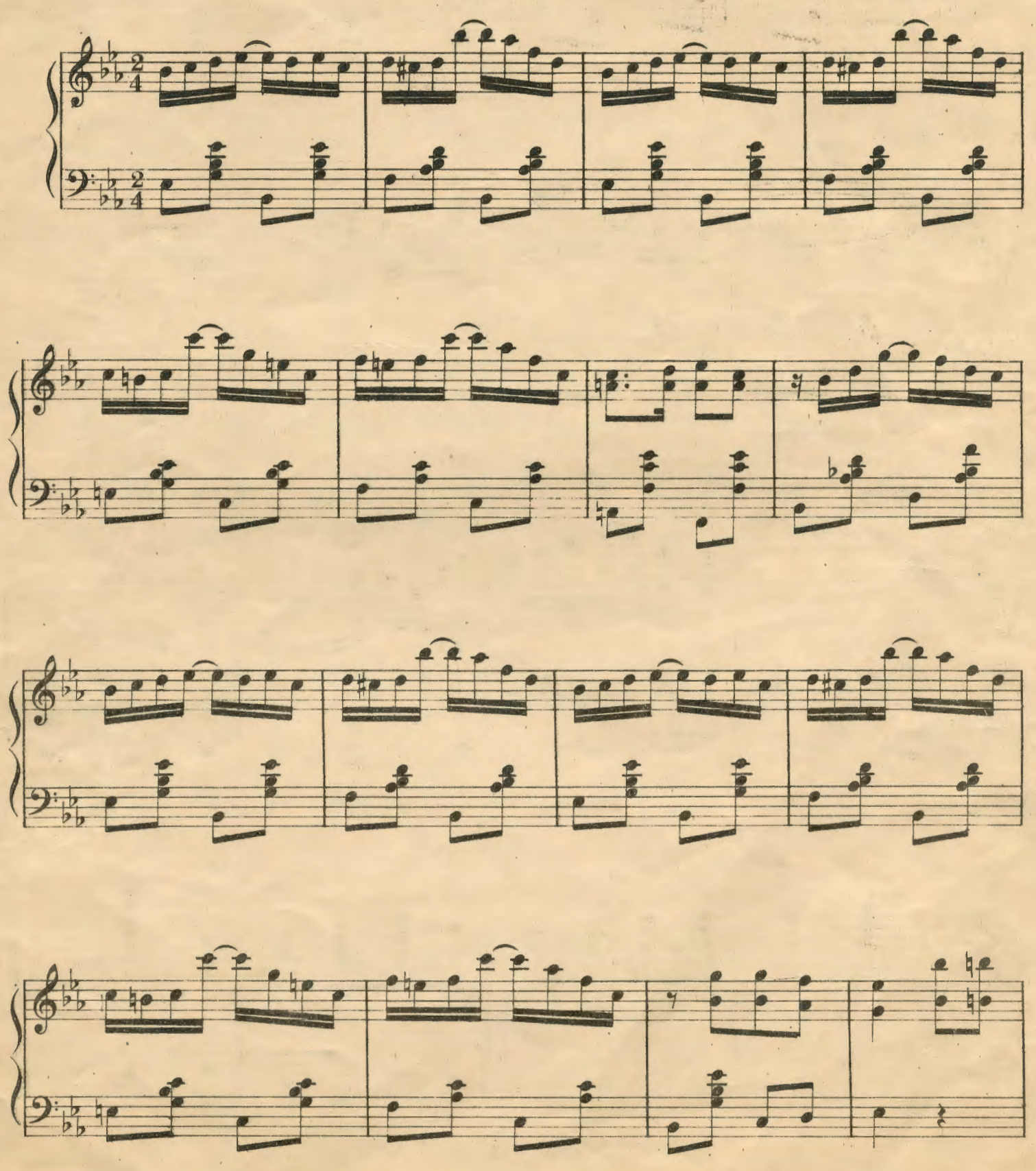
If you can only give it a part of your time you can make it profitable. Write us for terms, blank, etc., and give it a trial.

The most magnificent music palace in the world is planned for Berlin. It is to be opposite the new American church, and the estimated cost is $900,000. Joachim, Richard Strauss and Prof. Ochs are at the head of the undertaking. An interesting feature will be the office, where advice will be given students about teachers. On stated days of the week students will have their voices tested gratis. This is a good scheme. There are more fraud teachers in Berlin than in New York, and that is saying much.

"CARNATION."

RAG TIME–TWO STEP.

By CLYDE DOUGLASS.



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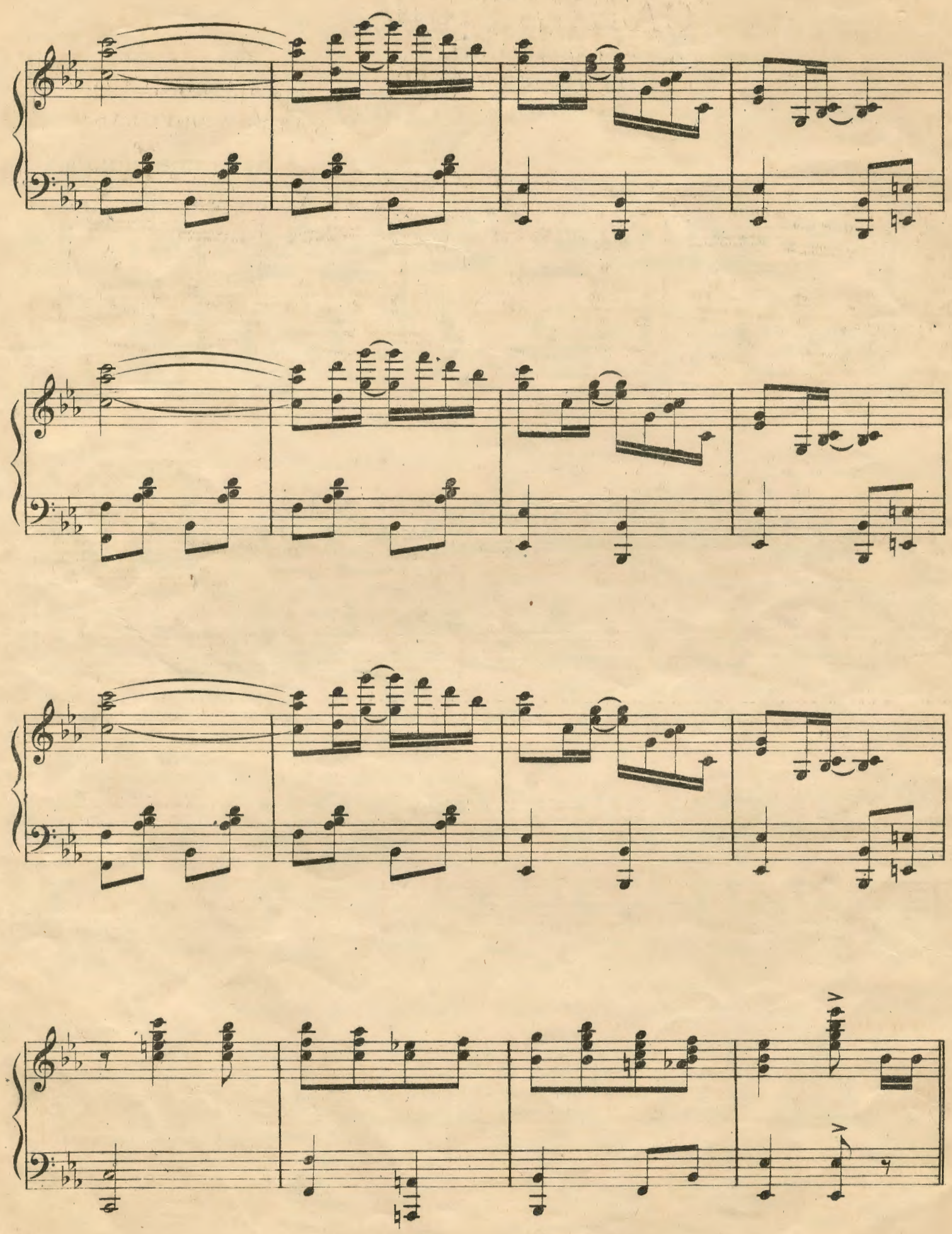

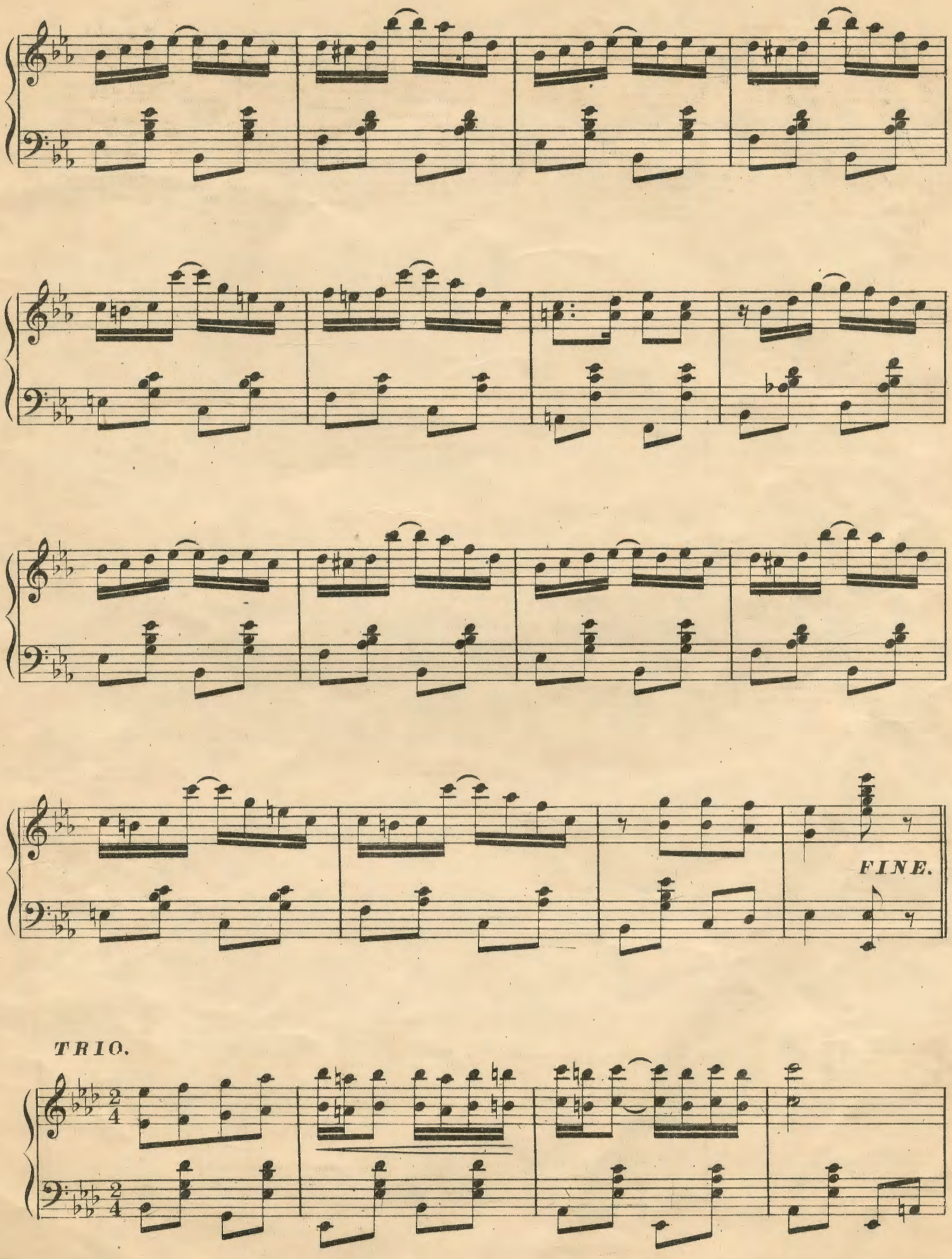
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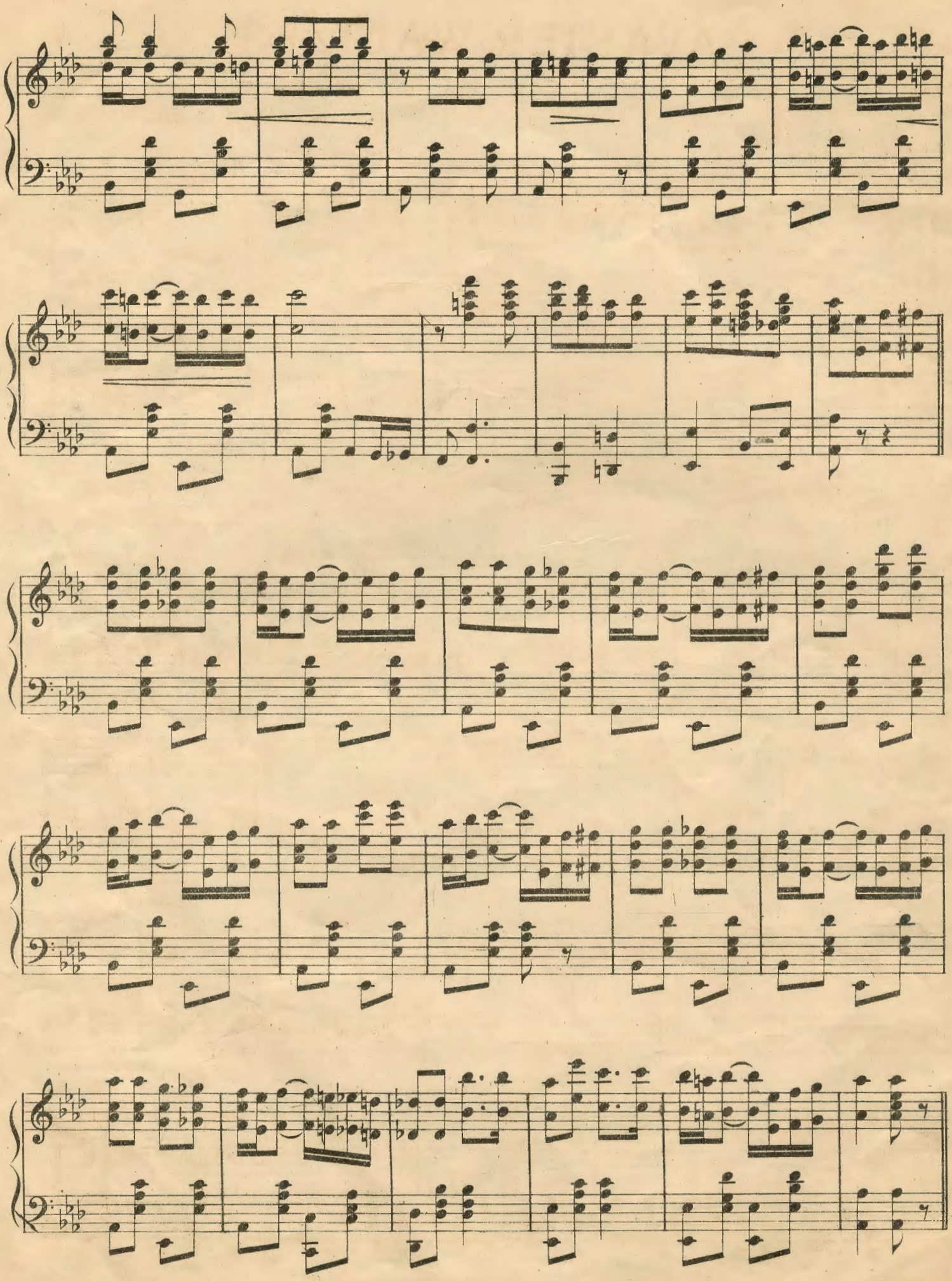
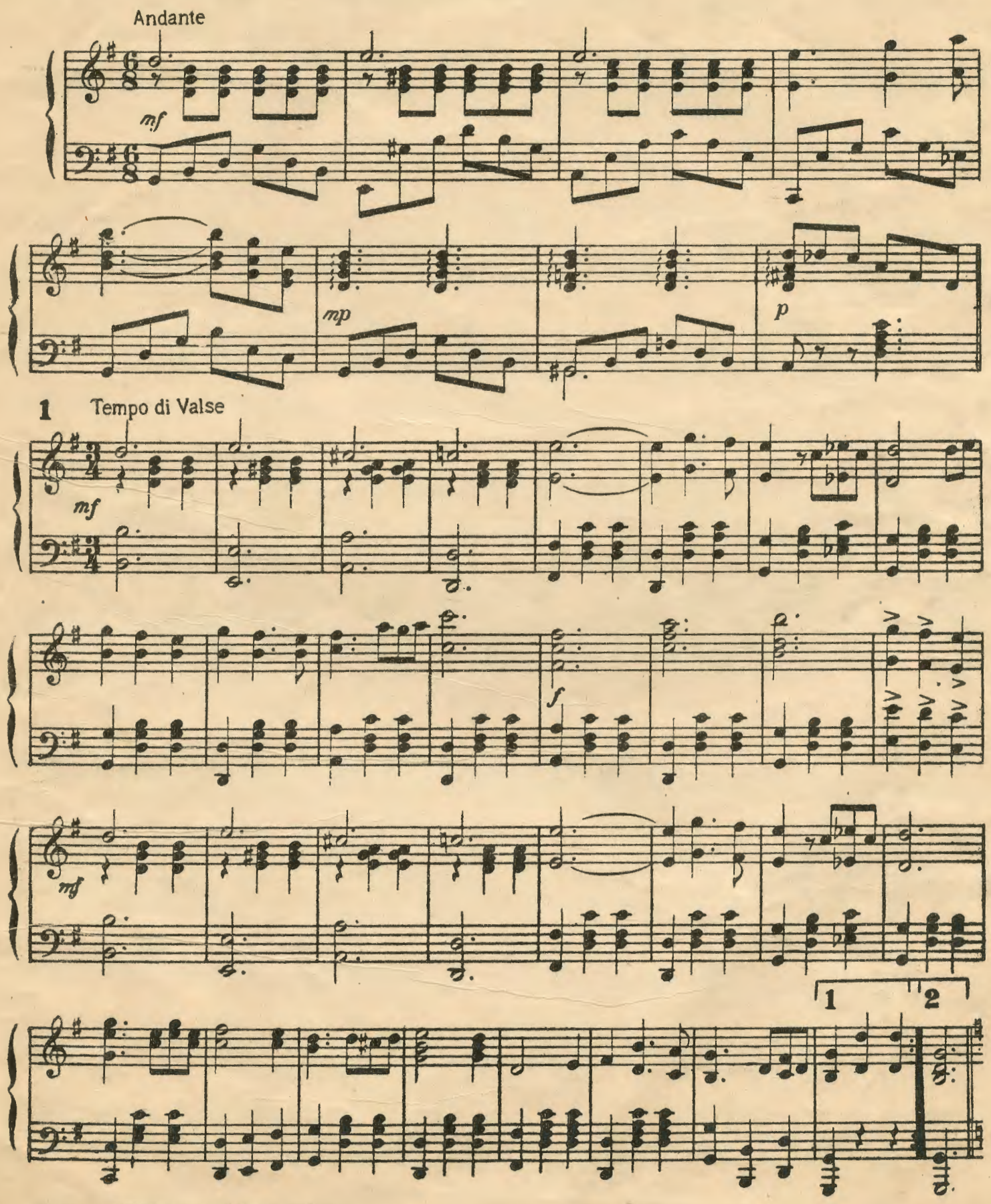


CAVALIER WALTZES

FRED BROWNOLD



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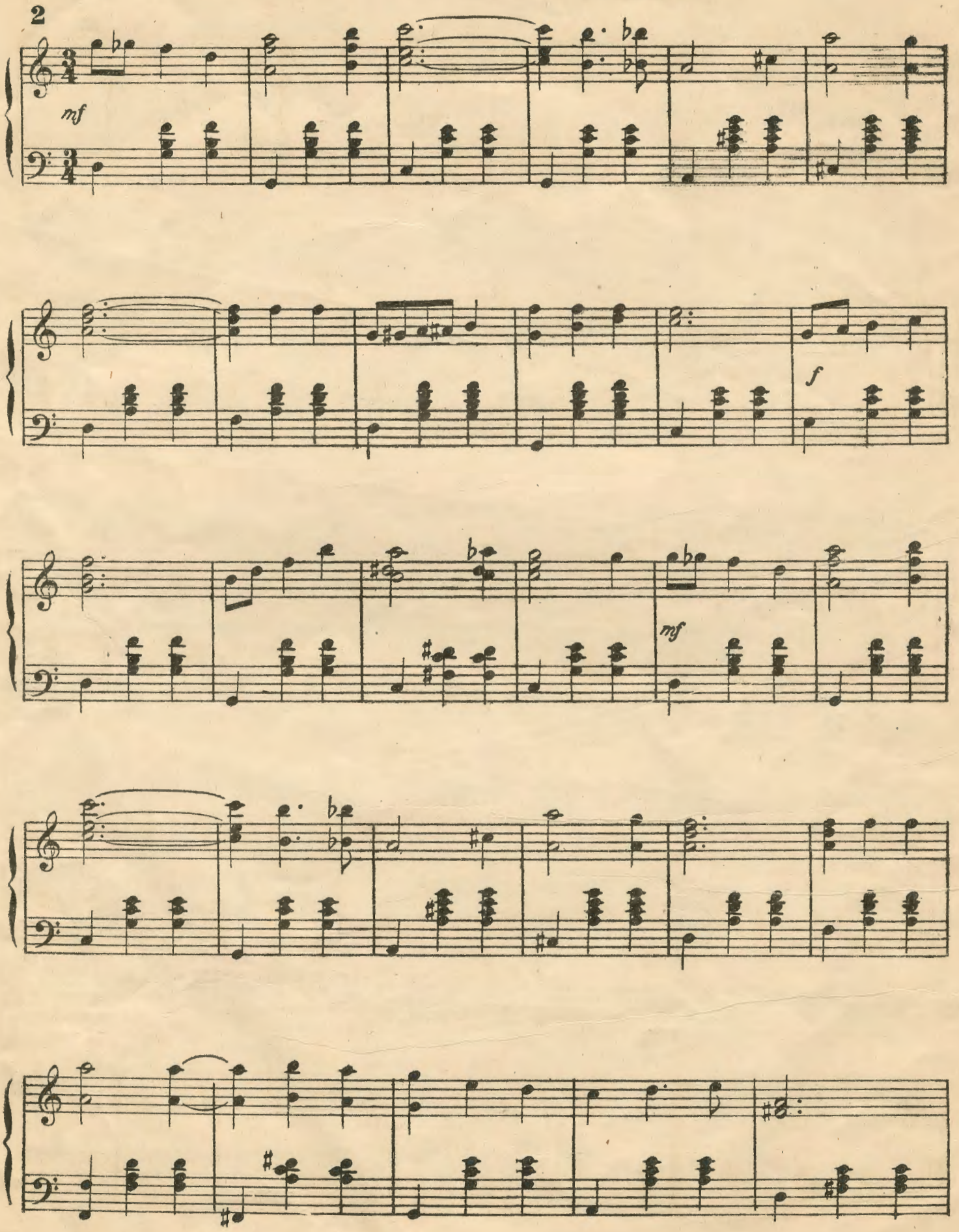
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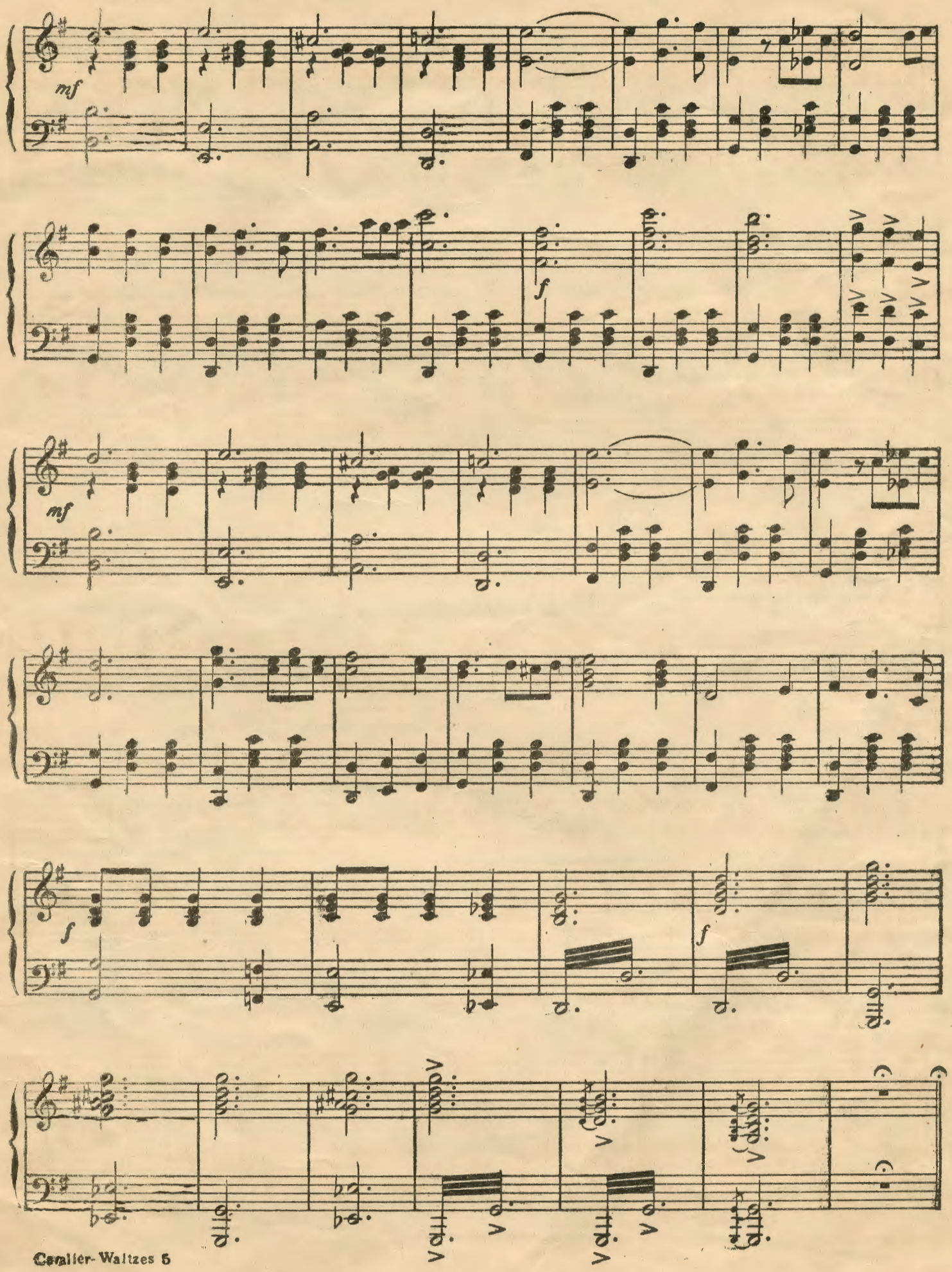
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JUST A WORD FROM HOME.

Words & Music
By ERNEST F. GARDNER.

Moderato.

f *rall.*

Andante.

p

In a lit-tle coun-try vil-lage ma-ny miles a-way from home, Way out west a-mong the min-ers rough and hale ——— There a youth-ful lad was stand-ing in the lit-tle of-fice door. Wait-ing for his turn to come to ask for mail ——— As he

A short let-ter then was hand-ed to this boy so young and free. From his home the post mark sta-ted far a-way ——— But the write-ing was not Moth-ers this his ea-ger eyes would see. Not the let-ter he had long'd for day by day ——— With a

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near'd the lit - tle win - dow where the mail was hand - ed out An ex -
cry so full of sad - ness he fell faint - ing to the floor Your dear

pect - ant eag - er look his eyes had shown _____ The rough
moth - er said the let - ter died to - day _____ Then with

min - ers stand - ing round him heard him as he turned a - bout Say I
ten - der care they bore him to his lit - tle cab - in door And with

hope I'll get a let - ter from my home. _____
sad - ness once a - gain they heard him say. _____

CHORUS:

Andante.

Just a word from home I'm want-ing just to know that all is well Just to

p

know that moth-er's wait-ing for her boy his tales to tell Just to

rall.

know her heart is long-ing for her boy out here a-lone Just a

let-ter from dear moth-er just a word from home sweet home.

rall.

D.C.

NICOLO PAGANINI.

It is seldom that any one man can claim the distinction of having it universally conceded that in the whole world there is not, nor ever has been, his equal. But such is the reputation of Nicolo Paganini. His fame spread through the civilized world with the dazzling flash of a meteor, but it did not go out in sudden darkness; for forty years did this extraordinary man's art shine on the world of music like the sun. All lesser lights were extinguished. His was the perfection of art.

This man who revealed to humanity the world of dreams was born February 10th, 1784, at Genoa, the same city in which, years before, was born the man who was destined to reveal to humanity a material world.

When Paganini was an infant, his sweet and gentle mother had a dream, in which it was revealed to her that her son would become the greatest violinist in the world. She told her dream to the father, a cruel, grasping man, who at once began to enforce a system of crowding his talented son's development. To this enforced development is due the destruction of Paganini's mental and moral equilibrium and life-long ill-health. He was of a very delicate and nervous organization, and when four years of age, had an attack of catalepsy which so closely resembled death that he was placed in his shroud and preparations made for burial. His own temperament fired his ambition and urged him on to an excessive and unhealthy application. When his spirits flagged his father beat him, and kept him practicing till he was exhausted. Starvation was even tried to further his precocity.

When he was nine he made his first appearance at a concert, where he played some variations on a French air, *La Carmagnole.* His triumph was so great that his father was stimulated to further exertions in his behalf. A new teacher must be found who could advance the boy farther. It is told how the father took the young marvel to Rolla, a celebrated musician at Parma. Rolla was confined to his bed, and while the father was negotiating with him for lessons, little Nicolo in the next room took up the master's violin and played off, at sight, some immensely difficult music, which he found lying on the desk. Rolla listened in amazement. Finally he exclaimed, "I can teach him nothing."

Ghiretti was then applied to and gave him three lessons a week in harmony and counterpoint. But with Paganini masters were a superfluity. The unerring instinct within, his untiring industry, his boundless ambition, impelled him onward and upward with a speed and thoroughness that no teacher could hinder or assist. He would practice twelve hours at a stretch, repeating difficult passages over and over again in every imaginable way, until he dropped from exhaustion. Nature had given him a perfect hand, an exquisite sensibility, and an inexhaustible fountain of emotion—incessant study did the rest. In 1797 his father took him on a concert tour. Money flowed in, which the parent dutifully pocketed. He had already composed much, having, when only ten years of age, written twenty-four fugues and a number of other compositions so difficult that nobody but himself could play them. In 1798 he went off on his own responsibility to give concerts. He was everywhere overwhelmed with applause and attention. Finding himself free from restraint and with plenty of money, he plunged into all sorts of dissipation. He drank, he gambled, and at the age of seventeen his passion for gambling was so strong that everything—money, jewels, rings, watch, had slipped through his fingers. The only thing left was his beloved Stradivarius violin and three francs. Staking his three francs on the lucky card, he won 160 francs, thus freeing himself from the necessity of selling his violin. He, himself, says: "From this time I abjured gambling, to which I had sacrificed a part of my youth, convinced that a gamester is an object of contempt to all well-regulated minds."

Shortly after, Paganini was presented with a Guarnerious violin. This instrument he played the rest of his life, and when he died he left it to the city of Genoa, on condition that no other musician should ever play on it. It is still on exhibition under a glass case in the above-mentioned city.

Up to the time he was twenty, Paganini seems to have been satisfied in accomplishing all that previous musicians had done; now he set about to do what no other musician had ever dreamed of doing. While in the service of the Grand Duchess Eliza of Tuscany, he had leisure to devote himself to the series of experiments which resulted in the production of those marvelous effects which have ever been the marvel and mystery of the musical world. The most ridiculous and absurd stories are told of how he acquired his power over the instrument—how he murdered his mistress and being imprisoned for years with no companion but his violin, acquired his skill in solitude. All falsehoods, every one of them. Paganini's morals were up to the average of morals in the loose state of society in which he was reared. He always did his duty as a man, as a son and as a friend. When he was thirty, he left his position at court and started on his concert tours. It is said that he never practiced after he was thirty. He was very partial to the climate of Italy, and spent as much of his time there as he could. In all the cities of Europe he met with the same unqualified success. Money flowed into his purse and honors were heaped upon his head. His avarice is often quoted, but certainly the man who goes down into his pocket and takes out 20,000 francs to give to an unrecognized composer, cannot be wholly lost to generous feelings.

Haweis has vividly described Paganini and his playing as he appeared in London: "Enter Paganini—a shudder of curiosity and excitement runs through the crowded theater, the men applaud, the women concentrate a double-barrel fire of opera-glasses upon the tall, ungainly figure that shuffles forward from the side scenes to the footlights, with such an air of haughtiness, and yet so many mechanical bows. As the applause rises again and again, the apparition stands still, looks round, takes in at a glance the vast assembly. Then, seizing his violin, he hugs it tightly between his chin and chest, stands for a few seconds gazing at it in motionless abstraction. The audience is now completely hushed, and all eyes are riveted upon one silent and almost grotesque figure. Suddenly Paganini raises his bow and dashes it down like a sledge-hammer upon the strings. He revels in his distinctive and astonishing passages, which hold the audience breathless. At one time torrents of chords peal forth, as from some mimic orchestra; harmonic passages are thrown off with the sharpness and sonority of the flute accompanied by the guitar, independent phrases being managed by the left hand plucking the strings, while the right is playing legato passages with the bow. The most difficult intervals are spanned with ease—the immense, compass-like fingers glide up and down every part of the keyboard, and seem to be in ever so many places at once. Heavy chords are struck indifferently with the point or heel of the bow, as if each inch of the magic wand were equally under control; but just when the prodigious feats of skill are causing the senses to reel with something like a painful strain, a low, measured melody steals forth and penetrates the souls of all

present, until some of the audience break out in uncontrollable applause, while others are melted to tears, overpowered by the thrilling accents. Then, attenuated as it were, to a thread —but still distinctly audible and resonant—the divine sound would die away; and suddenly a grotesque flash of humor would dart up from a lower sphere and shift the emotional atmosphere, as the great maestro too soon dashes, with the impetuosity of a whirlwind, into the final 'rondo' or 'moto perpetuo.' "

Paganini's secrets—if he had any—died with him. In many things he has enriched the art of violin playing. The use of harmonics, now so well known, was first made by him; also the *tremulo* for the left hand, *Staccato* bowing perfected by him, as also was the *pizzicato* runs in rapid movements. Returning to Italy, broken in health, though immensely wealthy, he passed his time in a leisurely manner, playing at an occasional concert for sweet charity's sake, or making flying visits to Paris to hear the music of Cherubini and Beethoven.

A few of his compositions are in existence, but it is known that his best ones were not published and were probably never written down.

He died May 27th, 1840.

NELLIE GRAY.

Columbus, O., July 1.—Benjamin Russell Hanby, author of the celebrated song, "Darling Nellie Gray," will have his life and work commemorated in a fitting manner in the little town of Westerville, one of the suburbs of Columbus.

It is a fact not generally known that this song which, just after it was written, was sung from the Atlantic to the Pacific and the Lakes to the Gulf, was written in Westerville, but it is a fact nevertheless.

At the time the song was composed Hanby was a student in Otterbein University at Westerville. He was graduated in 1856 and the song which made him famous all over the land and particularly in the South, was written two years before.

At the meeting of the Otterbein University Alumni Association it was unanimously decided that the association erect at the university a tablet to his memory. Representative Whitney strongly urged this, and there was no objection. The work of collecting the funds is now progressing.

Hanby died in Westerville March 16, 1867, and he was buried in the little cemetery there. Last Memorial Day some admiring friend covered the grave with beautiful flowers. His name appears on the family monument, but there is not one word regarding the song he wrote.

Interest in Hanby and his work has been aroused by the publication in the last number of the Ohio Archeological and Historical Quarterly of a very able article by C. B. Galbreath, State Librarian.

Recently when Mr. Galbreath visited Otterbein University chapel the students honored him by rousing applause and the choir, in his honor, sang "Darling Nellie Gray" and other songs written by Hanby.

Nellie Gray was just a plain, simple song, but it told its little story with such artless simplicity that it touched the hearts of thousands of people. Were Nellie Gray published today we doubt that it would ever be discovered. It would be buried among a thousand songs with fantastic names of coons and squaws, and these are pushed with such a vigor that poor, modest Nellie would have no show whatever.

It is known by most every one that the young man that adapted the music to Ben Bolt died a pauper in Chillicothe, Mo. His work was of that class easier appreciated than described, but he was one of the many who are rooted off the earth by the publisher with a commercial turn of mind. The professional money-maker has no eye for the beautiful, nor soul for sentiment. No composer—be he ever so talented—can put his inspiration on the market against the auctionblock methods of the commercial publishers, who are also getting possession of the department store stands, by which they are able to crowd out the pieces in which they have no pecuniary interest.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE MODERN PRESS.

"There is no such thing as an independent press, unless it is out in the country towns. You know this and I know it. Not one of you dares to express an honest opinion. If you express it you know beforehand it will not appear in print. I'm paid $150 a week to keep honest opinions out of the paper I am connected with. Others of you are paid similar salaries for doing similar things. If I should allow honest opinions to be printed in one issue of my paper, like Othello, my occupation would be gone. The man who would be so foolish as to print honest opinions would be out on the streets looking for a job. The business of the newspaper man is to pervert the truth, to lie outright, to villify, to fawn at the feet of mammon and to sell his country and his race for daily bread or what is about the same thing, his salary. You know this and I know it, and what foolery to be toasting an independent press. We are the tools and vassals of rich men behind the scenes. We are jumping-jacks. Our time, our talents, our possibilities are all the property of other men. We are intellectual prostitutes.—John Swinton, in reply to a toast of the "Independent Press" at a banquet in New York.

Great guns, is this true? Has the "commune of wealth" got its grip on the throats of the big dailies? These intellectual lights that should educate the people? Are they the Punch and Judy's of rich men? We can't believe it. And yet we have noticed that these papers are ducedly shy about advocating an income tax, the one thing that would force great wealth to pay its just proportion of the government expense. And, come to think of it, where is the big daily that is pushing the "referendum," and yet this would effectually shut off the bribing of legislatures and city councils? Indeed, this dope would throw light on many things that these papers do and do not do, but the thought is so revolting that it cannot be true. It would indicate such a state of putrified morals in the social strata supposed to be decent that the middle classes (the salt of the earth) would lose heart and hope in the experiment of self-government. Where can instructors, or rulers, be found who are above the corrupting, poisoning, debasing influence of boodle? But surely John Swinton was joking. It cannot be. Why, just think of it. How would the broad-gauge editor feel in his sanctum writing a scathing rebuke of the two-by-four councilman for voting away the city's interests while he himself was jingling the swag for stifling publicity, or agitation of questions vastly more vital to public welfare? He wouldn't do it for anything. 'Tis false, John.

Paris, seeking novelties, has lately taken up the walking craze. Sispal, the head of the National Association of Military Preparation, suggests that all the trumpeters of Paris, military and civilian, march from Paris to Versailles trumpeting unceasingly ten regulation marches. As the French army route between those places is eleven miles long and has some stiff hills, this scheme would provide a great test for the lungs. But how the inhabitants along the road will like it, is not stated.

HOW TO SUCCEED.

"How did you ever achieve all this?" asked a listener of Mendelssohn, on hearing him play several of his compositions. "I lived like a hermit and worked like a horse," was the answer of this great musician, too honest to affect an excellence as costing him nothing.

"Some time ago I heard a man say to a successful musician, 'You are a lucky chap.' The musician replied, 'Nothing of the kind. Years ago, when we were young together, I was employed in the same business you were. Every evening you spent on the corner of the street with the boys, and thought you had worked enough through the day. I had no liking for that, and went home, shut myself up in a room, and studied hard; but there is a difference in our surroundings now. You are in the same old rut, and think it is luck with me because I got out of it. It was nothing but hard work. You had your good time then; I can afford to have mine now. I am sorry for you; but it would be impossible now for you to rectify your mistake.'"

The man who has nothing but talent looks upon his work with a self-satisfaction, but a man of genius is never satisfied. Discontent is both the burden and the stimulant of genius. For often the less one knows about a subject the more he talks about it. There is an excellent couplet that comprises a great deal of truth, which reads:

"He that studies and digests things most
Is more apt to despair than boast."

—*The Leader.*

FREAK JUDGMENTS.

Our judge of the juvenile court has not only discharged two boys who were guilty of fighting, but he censored those who arrested them and commended the boys for fighting.

This city lost a great opportunity during the fair of becoming famous. There could have been a job lot of police court and other court decisions collected and shown that would have been the exhibit extraordinary.

They would certainly have been the wonder and admiration of judicial minds all over the civilized world.

As we failed to grasp the opportunity the next best thing that we can do is to collect a bunch and present them to the Smithsonian Institute. Or at least give them a prominent place in our new St. Louis museum.

COMPOSERS' FORTUNES.

Famous composers, however famous they may have been in life, never left large fortunes. To begin with, Franz Schubert, whose Lieder have never and never will be surpassed. According to the documents in the Vienna archives, Franz Schubert's property at his death consisted of three walking coats, three dress coats, ten pair of trousers, nine waistcoats, one hat, two pair of boots, five pair of shoes, four shirts, nine head and neck kerchiefs, thirteen pair of stockings, one bedstead, and some old bits of mosaic. Total value, 63 gulden. When Mozart died he possessed in cash 60 gulden. The rest of his property, including his musical library, was valued at 400 gulden. The largest ever left was by Beethoven, 10,232 gulden, from which had to be deducted doctors' and nurses' bills, personal expenses, etc., 1213 gulden, leaving a net sum of 9019 gulden.

Clerk: These tiger-skin rugs are $200.
Mrs. Youngmisses: And are you sure they are "imported?"

READING AND WRITING.

To read music fluently from an early stage of study is of vast advantage to the student, whether young or grown up; and accuracy in reading should be cultivated early and late until proficiency has been reached. Nevertheless, to be able to play by memory is of even greater importance to the awakening and development of the musical consciousness at the pianoforte than is the reading of the conventional notation as a system of signs for the real things of music and of pianoforte playing. Reading and writing music should be practiced assiduously from the beginning; but the pupil's powers of memory, which fairly fling themselves at the teacher in their craving for recognition and use, ought never, in the theory or the practice of teaching, to be subordinated to the needs of notation. To place the fingers of a beginner over the proper digitals (keys) for playing a simple measure of music, and then to have that measure repeated 100 times before studying the notation of said measure, will in the course of a few measures result in worlds of delight and wonders of interpretative taste, style and individuality, even in the case of very young students.—*A. R. Parsons.*

TOO TART.

In his Musical Reminiscences, the late Dr. Wm. Spark, organist of Leeds Town Hall, relates an anecdote of an American who found the Gregorian music of the Anglican service too severe for his taste, saying that it was rather tart without much tune to it, "made by your village organist, I guess." His clerical host set him right, and assured him that these Gregorian chants were believed to be identical with the Hebrew melodies that King David himself used to sing and play on his harp.

"Well, now," said the American visitor, "I am very glad indeed, sir, to hear this, because it clears up in my mind a little difficulty I have always experienced in reading the Bible, as to the real reason why Saul threw his javelin at David when he was trying to soothe his royal master of a rather awkward temper with those ancient ditties!"

PLEASE STOP MY--WHAT?

"Times are hard, money is scarce, business is dull, retrenchment is a duty. Please stop my—" Whiskey? "Oh, no; times are not hard enough yet for that. But there is something else that costs me a large amount of money every year, I wish to save. Please stop my—" Tobacco, cigars? "No, no—not these; but I must retrench somewhere. Please stop my—" Ribbons, jewels, ornaments, and trinkets? "Not at all. Pride must be fostered, if times are ever so hard; but I believe I can see to effect quite a saving in another direction. Please stop my—" Tea, coffee and needless unhealthy luxuries? "No, no; not these; I cannot think of such a sacrifice; I must think of something else. Ah, I have it now! My monthly journal costs me ten cents a month. I must save that. Please stop my journal; that will carry me through easily. I believe in retrenchment and economy."—*Ex.*

Avoid mistakes; hate them, and blame yourself for being so careless as to allow one; stand aghast at and be as horrified at them as at the sight of a specter or ghost; but better still, never make a mistake; play slowly and carefully and you need not. Never in any manner exclaim at, bow to, or in any way notice, by motion, sign or word, an error you may have been so careless as to make. It is not best to advertise one's feelings.—*Etude.*

Automobilist: Say, where can I get some repairs made? I've met with an accident.

Farmer: What d'ye want—a machine shop or a hospital?

"Naomi," he said softly, as he gazed at the moon above them, "isn't the evening beautiful? Do you know, strange fancies throng my mind on a night like this. Every zephyr seems to bear gentle voices, perhaps from the spirit world. Do you hear such voices?"

Silence for a moment.

"I think I do, George."

"What do they sound like to you?"

"They are very indistinct, but they make me think that papa and brother Henry are calling the dog."

"I'd rather hear Miss Dinsmore play 'Hiawatha' than anyone else," said Twynn.

"I thought you were weary of that piece," replied Triplett.

"I am, but she plays it so badly it sounds like something else."

A Bavarian mathematician named Koller, who felt curiosity about the rapidity of a pianoforte player's eyes and hands, has subjected the matter to calculation and finds that in playing a piece of average rapidity the player moves the muscles of the eyes 1,500 times in one minute and the muscles of his hands 2,000 times. In each hand forty different muscles are worked; consequently he makes manual movements amounting to 160,000 in one minute. Were the strength which is exerted on these 160,000 movements concentrated in a single effort it would raise a ton three inches from the ground.

If the efforts of some lady pianists were exerted in looking after their children and seeing to it that their husbands had a decent dinner occasionally, the world would be better and happier.

Jersey justice is not always so sure as her applejack.

Some Turkish Proverbs.—The master of the house is the guests' servant.

He who has not rest at home is in the world's hell.

Two watermelons cannot be held under one arm.

The mouth is not sweetened by saying honey, honey.

Today's egg is better than tomorrow's hen.

To the well man every day is a feast day.

No teacher, however large and good in other respects his musical knowledge and skill may be, but who has only one style and manner, who teaches not all kinds of piano playing, but only his peculiar kind, who treats with undue preference a few composers, neglecting or omitting all others, in short, whose instruction is one-sided and limited, instead of versatile and all-comprising, who, moreover, is narrow and pedantic instead of broad and liberal—no such teacher can be called competent or efficient, or even conscientious. We do not require, in music teaching, specialists, as in medicine, nor sectarists, as in the church, nor Bachs, nor Beethovens, nor Chopins, nor Liszts, nor Schumannists, *but "universalists!"*

The student of art especially needs constant and unceasing criticism. He may learn *something* without it, but his progress will be slow and uncertain. The mere science of music is, indeed, somewhat like all other sciences, and by reason of its exactness and conformity to definite rules the student may feel his way, and sometimes, without assistance, be reasonably certain that he is on the right road. But having mastered the scientific side of music, he is not yet a pianist. Science does not make artists. Art cannot be reduced to such definite rules, and the artist can be *sure* of his way only when he has the approval of some one who has traveled the road before.

"The spirit in which pianoforte playing should be cultivated and applied throughout life, should be one of sincerity and reverence. To the tiny child who longs to learn to play, as to the ripened genius who moves nations and continents by his powers of artistic expression, the instrument reveals in the inexplicable magic of sound a primal mystery of creation. To the child, therefore, as to the genius, the instrument should be as an altar at which to minister to the spiritual needs of one's self and one's fellow-men, and the place where the instrument stands should always be regarded as holy ground. As long as the soul intuitively apprehends the ultimate and essential unity of the true, the beautiful and the good, so long will true art continue to be rooted in the soil of sincerity and reverence." —*Albert Ross Parsons.*

An artist giving a concert should not demand an entrance fee, but should ask the public to pay, just before leaving, as much as they like. From the sum taken he would be able to judge what the public think of him, and we would have less concerts anyhow.—*Rubinstein.*

SATISFIED.

"Well, Bobby, how do you like church," asked his father, as they walked homeward from the sanctuary to which Bobby had just paid his first visit. "It's fine!" ejaculated the young man; "how much did you get, father?" "How much did I get? Why, what do you mean? How much what?" asked the astonished parent at this evident irreverence. "Why, don't you remember when the funny old man passed the money around. I got only ten cents."

SARCASTIC.

Not having much business on hand Mr. Black was at home trying to take life easy. One day he was out in the kitchen opening a good sized can of peaches. The sounds that came from the kitchen convinced Mrs. Black that he was having quite a time with something So she said:

"Hubby, dear, what are you doing?"

"Opening a can of peaches," came the gruff answer.

"Well, dear, what are you opening it with ?"

"My knife, of course! What did you suppose, with my feet?"

"Not at all, dear. I thought from the low tones I heard you murmuring, that you were opening it with prayer."

COMING NEARER.

Little Ethel had dislocated her wrist, and suffered greatly before the physician could be summoned. After he had attended to it she said: "Doctor, suppose I had died before you got here, would I have been a crippled angel?"

"Oh, no," he replied, "you would have been doctored in heaven."

"Why," queried Ethel, in surprise, "do doctors go to heaven, too?"

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